

Local Items

All About Our Town and Its People

Mrs. L. S. Stevenson, who accompanied the remains of her son, Don Davis, here from Louisville, Ky., for burial, and has been the guest of her life-long friend, Mrs. S. L. Wright, has returned home after a week's visit. Mrs. Stevenson expects to return here and make her future home with Mrs. Wright just as she did in former years as soon as she can adjust some business matters.

Mrs. E. L. Peake of Louisville, Ky., who accompanied Mrs. L. S. Stevenson from that place and has been the guest of Mrs. S. L. Wright for the past week, has returned home.

Red Cross social to be given at the home of John Andrea in Keene Thursday, Nov. 21. Supper served and a program to be given, also quilt will be drawn.

The Royal Neighbors will meet on Tuesday evening, Nov. 19. Everybody come.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Staines and son of Fenwick were week end guests at the Floyd Bush home.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bush of Kiddville were week end guests of their sister, Mrs. Ansel Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred LaGrange are guests of the latter's son, Leon Forward and family.

Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston spent Sunday with their brother, Ansel Johnston and family.

Mrs. Frank Welch is on the gain. Edwin Johnston spent Sunday at Orleans.

Mrs. Marcia Ireland and son Robert of Honolulu are visiting Mrs. Nellie Ireland.

Carrie Peabody left for Orleans on Wednesday to visit relatives and friends until Monday.

Victor Nicholson of New York returned with Miss Martha Antonsen of Trufant and spent Monday and Tuesday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lohr, Mrs. C. N. Wilson and children spent Wednesday in Greenville visiting friends.

Mrs. J. Wood of Orleans returned to her home Friday morning after visiting her daughter, Mrs. John McPherson a few days.

Mrs. Mary Sargent returned to her home in Lowell Saturday morning after spending a few days at the home of J. Raymond.

Have your Christmas photos made now at Dennis studio.—Adv.

Miss Naomi Elkins left for Grand Rapids Saturday morning to spend Sunday with her sister, Norma.

Mrs. Lydia Bunce and little son, Richard of Vestaburg, have been here a few days visiting her mother, Mrs. J. M. Thomas and her grandmother, Mrs. A. J. Churchill and her sister, Mrs. Cora Grow and other friends, returning home Monday.

Married in Iowa Nov. 4 by Justice Taylor, Miss Nellie Warner of Orleans to Mr. Melvin M. Teague of Newaygo.

Mrs. Fred Olger of Orleans was over near Muir Wednesday to visit her son, Lucian Warner, who is very ill with pneumonia following an attack of flu. Mr. Warner was some better Thursday and his mother returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Eckert of Belding and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Smith and daughter Verna of Fairbairn were Sunday afternoon callers on Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Morgan.

Susie Headworth of Grattan was a supper guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morgan Wednesday evening, also Scott Howe and Miss Lena Goren were callers in the evening.

Mrs. Mildred Slack and daughter, Eunice of Grand Rapids are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Van Lowrey.

Mrs. Hildebaugh left for Grand Rapids Tuesday morning after visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arba Face.

Miss Freda Gyger of Edmore returned home Tuesday morning after spending a few days with Miss Rose Winger.

Mrs. Mary King of Lowell was in Belding Tuesday on business.

Silas Ward was in Greenville on Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Brand of this city left for their new home in Jackson Tuesday morning.

Jay Thompson was in Iowa Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Laverne Taylor and son returned to their home in Lansing after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Pond.

Have your Christmas photos made now at Dennis studio.—Adv.

Mrs. Van Lowrey returned from Stanton Monday evening after being a week-end visitor at the home of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Julia Grinnell and Miss Maud Balch have gone to Grand Rapids and entered the McLaughlin Business college to take a commercial course.

Elsie Jones of Lansing, came up Monday evening on a business trip and spent the evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Moore.

Mrs. Palmer Coville entertained her two granddaughters, the Misses Helen Lucile and Genevieve Elizabeth Crane of Grand Rapids Sunday for dinner.

Mrs. Mary Hiel of Grand Rapids is here taking care of her mother, Mrs. Stephen Bostwick.

All interested take notice, Grattan Grange will meet Thursday evening, Nov. 14 for the first time since the flu. Come and tell a dark story and we will have a joy night to welcome peace and victory. Lecturer.

Clara Kimball Young in "Magda" at the Empress Sunday and Monday.

The Ladies' Social circle will serve a 35 cent supper in the Congregational church dining room Saturday evening from 5 to 7 o'clock.—Adv.

Mrs. Eva Bolner of Jackson was in the city last week to attend the wedding of Miss Marion Arnold to Mr. Ray Bolton of Albion.

Miss Beanie Angevine was in Greenville Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hudson and daughters, Mabel and Viola, left for Barnia, Canada Tuesday afternoon to visit relatives and friends.

Mrs. Mary Earle of Bayrna was in Belding Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Wm. Fisher was in Greenville Tuesday on business.

Throw away your crutches, use Rheuma, and walk without rheumatic pains and stiffness, say Wootley & French, local agents for this great rheumatism remedy.—Advertisement.

TELLS OF FINE TRIP TO HOME IN GOLDEN WEST

MISS CLARA MOULTON, NOW A RESIDENT OF PASADENA, CAL. WRITES TO LOCAL FRIEND.

(Continued from last week.) All along the way would be little booths set up beside the road where one could buy fruit and sometimes vegetables. We made two short stops of about 20 minutes each; had our dinner beside the road, which took about one hour; had fire trouble which must have delayed us over an hour and we reached Santa Barbara at a little after 5 o'clock having driven over there mountain roads, 112 miles. Part of the way we travel what is called the El Camino Real, or the King's Highway, it has every little ways a bell on a post and is supposed to be the trail the Franciscan fathers took in going from one mission to the other; there are 21 missions and they were supposed to be May's journey apart, at one place we branched off from this road and took a new paved way which has been built within the last five years. It lies at the foot of the mountains, or rather part of it has been cut out of and through the mountains; it is very winding and one goes up and up for a long ways, mountains on either side, or else a ravine; the mountains were at the left of us all day; we pass through many small places. As we come down this pass which is called Cone Jo Pass we can see Ventura lying in the valley below us, it was a glorious sight to see the bright green fields with here and there a bright coloring, the green spots covered many acres and even up on what to us would look like mountains but were only hills. At the bottom of this pass is what is supposed to be the richest field in the world; they grow lima beans around here and in this particular field which contains probably not less than 150 or 200 acres, I am no judge perhaps it is more than that; for the last two years they have taken 2 1/2 tons of beans to the acre; last year the government paid 12 1/2c per pound for the lima beans; this field is owned by a Mexican and could not be bought at any price. At one place we go through is a very large Catholic church which this same Mexican built, it supported by two beams enough to cover all of Iowa and Montana counties and then some; they are the one crop which they say does not hurt the land to grow year after year, that in fact the land improves all the time. We saw large walnut, peach, olive, lemon orchards. The man who drove the car has a brother who last year bought ten acres of walnut ranch on this road for which he gave \$11,000. They own a ranch off of the road and coming back we made a detour there and stayed about two hours. They expect to begin to harvest them the latter part of this week; it is going to be very hard to get help this year, but out this way the girls, some college girls, have enlisted as farmettes and are helping harvest the crops; they helped with the apricot crop and will probably come to the front on the walnut crop. I thought I might go out but have made up my mind I am a little too fat yet to do it, she said they tried all methods but at last padded their overall knees heavy and just crawled along on the ground as there is not a spear of grass in sight I imagine one would be a trifle dusty by night. They have first class trees and last year got 23 or 24c a pound for them. They belong to a Walnut Growers' association; before last year they had always had to take their culms home but last year the association took them and made considerable out of them; they would shuck them and take out the good ones, probably those are the ones we buy when we buy shucked ones, and out of the shucks they are making something to pack ammunition in. People used to buy these culms by the wagon load and they would pick out the good ones and burn the rest so you see the war has added another use for them. At one time last fall, or one night this association which has a large building at Saticoy, had over a million dollars worth of walnuts stored there. We rode along and at last I got my first sight of the ocean; we rode for a number of miles along the ocean at one place there was not room enough for the train or rather the railroad tracks and the wagon road so they built a bridge out over the ocean, or rather along and over the beach, I imagine it gets a little damp at times. We could see the kelp beds out in the ocean and the dredge, or machine cutting it; at one place they were shucking kelp; they had cement slabs about 5 or 6 feet wide by 10 or 12 feet long; they would burn it and reduce it to ashes. I believe that now they make potash out of these ashes. Iodine is also made from kelp, while formerly about all they knew how to use it for was to make baskets. We passed through Santa Barbara and where there are oil wells right out in the ocean; it was a horrid smelly place and I would not like to live there but suppose if I were John Rockefeller I would not mind the smell as long as the millions were pouring in. We came back onto the El Camino Real again somewhere on the way. The roads here are not like the ones at home; we were not as dirty and dusty on this long ride as we would be going out to your place on a windy day if we should meet many cars. We reached Santa Barbara got a room and drove out to the beach; there were many in bathing; it was high tide and the waves were rolling in in fine shape; I do like water so much and would like to live nearer to it. We had supper and drove out to the beach again, and went to a movie to wind up the day's activities.

Sunday we intended to go for a ride around the city but the three needed attention and it was impossible to get any help so the gentlemen had to do the work himself, so it was about 11 o'clock when we got started; we drove out to the old mission and went through that; it was founded in 1788, some of the rooms are as they were originally except of course they have to be mended occasionally; they were built by the Indians under the supervision of the priests; they are adobe; the roof is new as all of these missions suffered greatly in the earthquake of 1812 not being built very solid they could not stand the shock; the mission now has two large towers which are of solid concrete; in these towers are the old mission bells. I believe one has been broken and one was stolen. We saw many very ancient things in these rooms; a piano of rosewood that came around the cape centuries ago, a book which was very well preserved printed, or rather I believe it was done by hand in the year 1403; also some very old water jars; the priests were some of them very musical and undertook to teach the Indians; they seemed unable to do this until one of them thought of the idea of using flowers instead of notes, so we saw some of the music written that way. Many old paintings of the different missions and also of the priests who have been in these missions. The church proper is very old, but has had some repairs recently they have redecorated the walls and made a new altar. We went out into the garden, or rather I guess it was the cemetery, where many of the early Spanish families were buried. They also have a crypt where the older priests were buried; they are allowed to use it only for the priests from the mission. It was not a large lot, quite long, and they told us there were over 5,000 Indians buried here; they are six and seven on top on one another. The steps, except the two lower ones, were the old original ones. It was rather warm and we did not climb up to the tower where we could have had a better view of the yard and also a view of the priests' private garden. The old stones were there where the Indians used to do their washing.

Before we reached Santa Barbara we saw an old Spanish house with the red tile roof, it seemed in fairly good condition but no one was living in it. At Santa Barbara there were a number of houses built to represent this old style of architecture; there were a number of wealthy Spanish families at Santa Barbara. There are a number of very beautiful homes built and being built on one side of the city, upon the high hills; we intended to drive around there but our time was limited so did not. J. Ogden Armour is building a mansion over there. We had our dinner and started for home about 12:30. We had to go back the same way as the other road we wanted to take no one could seem to find out whether or not it was finished and I did not care to ride far in the dust, as we would have to have done if we had to detour. As I said before we stopped at the gentleman's brother's for a couple of hours and at another place about 15 minutes and drove the 120 miles reaching Pasadena at about 8:30. The ride coming back was just as interesting and enjoyable as it was going.

When one sees a picture painted from here you can scarcely believe that there is such coloring, coming back one mountain in particular stands out in my memory; at the bottom was some weed which in color resembles coral, which gave a reddish color back of that was the gray of the sage brush and above that the brown of the mountain, it looked so much like a painting I saw down town a few days before. It is hard to describe the wonderful coloring of the flowers and shrubs here; it is something that has to be seen in order to appreciate.

We put in some spinach this morning, would have put in a few potatoes but the ones we have do not seem very good so did not. There are plenty of vegetables and they are quite reasonable. I must get busy and go down and help at the Red Cross; think they will be glad of a little work along my line if I cannot seem to speak of. They have over 5,000 garments to make here before the 1st of October so you see some one will have to get busy. I am not going to try and get anything to do until after the middle of October, not that I expect to have any fever but think I will keep a little quiet from now on. We would like to go to the beach for a week but as there is so much ship building going on expect rooms will be very scarce and very high but I do love the old ocean and would like to be where I could hear the swish swish all of the time.

On the way home I saw the largest tarantula I ever want to see and I do not care for a close acquaintance, either; the man stopped the car and he and I got out and went back and looked at it; its legs were all of two inches long, its body was as large as a fair sized mouse, and he held it quite swift enough for me. The funny part of it was that four other cars besides ours passed along and never touched the blamed thing. I was like the small boy. I would like to have seen him go "squash"; think by good rights he should have been killed. After seeing that I decided that I guessed I did not care to travel and camp by the roadside, as many do out here.

We were going to the Bush gardens today but owing to the warm weather and my laziness we decided to postpone it until it came a cooler day.

I do hope you will try and go and see Dr. Philippart, I am sure if he cannot help you he will say so and if he can it would mean so much to you.

We get our Belding paper about a week after it is published but that is better than not at all.

Now, Kate, you cannot expect me to write very often as when I do get started I never seem to know enough to stop. If Mrs. Johnson is ever over and would like to read this you might let her as I simply cannot write to so many people and the children would enjoy it perhaps.

With love and best wishes to you and your mother from Emma and myself, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Clarissa.

725 Garfield Avenue, Pasadena, California.

GRATTAN

Mrs. Frank Rowland and children spent Tuesday afternoon with her aunt, Mrs. A. Norton.

Mrs. Verna Thompson is visiting relatives in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Omer broke her wrist Sunday.

Many Grattans were in Grand Rapids Thursday and witnessed the great celebration which took place after the news reached the city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dixon were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Williams in Oakfield Friday.

The Red Cross met with Mrs. J. L. Weeks Friday with a fair attendance considering the day.

Mrs. Fern Wright of Lakeview came Sunday to visit her father, Frank Madison for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. James Donovan and children were Sunday guests at F. Donovan's.

This community was shocked to hear of the death of Leslie Byrns which took place at his late home at Carson City. Leslie was a former Grattan boy and had many friends in and around this vicinity.

Funeral and burial took place Friday at Parnell Catholic church. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Spencer spent Sunday with their son, Noble and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Leatherman spent Friday in Belding on business.

There will be a series of meetings at the M. E. church beginning Sunday evening, Nov. 17. Rev. Goodenough of Grand Rapids will assist Rev. Shenneman during these meetings.

Those who were present at the service flag dedication know that Mr. Goodenough is a very forceful and interesting speaker. Everybody welcome. Come and bring your friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rhodes are entertaining their little granddaughter from Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Frank Bowman of Oakfield came Monday to help care for her daughter, Mrs. Noble Spencer, who injured her knee by falling. We hope it may not prove serious.

A Simple Inexpensive way to Relieve Tired, Aching Feet

When you take your shoes off at night and your feet are jumping with pain—do this: Bathe your feet in warm water to which has been added 5 tablespoonsful of 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric.

What relief this preparation will afford you. It soothes and heals—it makes the skin feel glad—it destroys perspiration odors and cleanses the pores. By all means use 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric in the bath tub—it is a splendid antiseptic.

20 Mule Team Powdered Boric is sold at all good drug stores.

FOOD VIOLATIONS PRODUCE MILITARY POLICE AT CAMPS

DOCTRINE OF THE CLEAN PLATE ONE OF THE FIRST LESSONS GIVEN THE ROOKIE.

Western Recruit Writes of His First Experience With Army Rations and Regulations.

The top sergeant of every military company from time immemorial has been "up against it" to find enough infractions of discipline to punish his men with the "kitchen police" detail. Kitchen police means scrubbing greasy and soot covered cooking utensils, peeling potatoes, dish washing and so on through a long list of disagreeable tasks utterly devoid of any pomp and glory of war.

Modern warfare mixed with strictly enforced food conservation, however, has at last given the much feared "top" what he has long been looking for. That any infraction of the Army's strict enforcement of all food conservation rules furnishes a long "kitchen police" sentence is shown by the following extract from a letter of a recruit at the Presidio, San Francisco:

"Then the bugle blew, and we were called in for our first meal cooked by Uncle Sam. A long line is formed, leading past a counter after the style of a cafeteria. Everything from soup to nuts goes on the one plate. There are not many different helpings, but they are all well-cooked, wholesome and generous. One has to eat all he allows the kitchen police to put on his plate or he is given ten days as kitchen police. Bread larger than an inch square and meat the same size could not pass the eye of the guards in front of whom we had to go on our way to wash our dishes. The list was posted each evening of those who had to serve as kitchen police the following day."

The Day's Best Thoughts
The Art of Life and Building
EDITED BY NOBLE FOSTER HOGGSON
PUBLISHED BY HOGGSON BROTHERS - BUILDERS

No. 37. THE HERITAGE OF GREECE
By Noble Foster Hoggson.

It was by no accident that a writer of time hallowed words was in a pessimistic mood when he remarked that there is nothing new under the sun. There isn't in the way of troubles. Only cures for ill are new; our present crop of troubles was grown with civilization or some time before. He who builds may fancy in the fever of newly-discovered mental agitation that the advent of the evil was coincident with the beginning of his acquaintance with it. But the case is not so simple as that; it is no personal affair. The malignant Fate that sometimes seems to follow building operations has not, in an excess of personal spite, selected one lone individual as the victim of her spite.

If one who has conceived that lofty passion, sometimes described as the desire to build, and has found that he must pay for that passion in agony of spirit, if not in tears, let him remember and be comforted thereby that his problem is age old and that he has won a membership in a noble company.

Among the ancient Greeks, the woes of faulty specifications, of useless extras piled up by unscrupulous contractors, of guesswork, where exactitude was demanded, of mechanics' liens and unexpected bills from material men—all these were old when Athens was a huddle of tents about a bald, towering hill and Sparta was a thing undreamed. So in Ephesus, the Magnificent, the city fathers made it a law and wrote it in the books that the architect who was at once the designer and the contractor, should be held financially responsible if his estimates and his bills ran more than

25 per centum apart. Lesser discrepancies were made good by the city which licensed the architects.

We learn from "Vitruvius, the Ten Books of Architecture," lately translated anew from the Latin by Morris Hicky Morgan that the Romans lamented the lack of such a law as protected the Ephesians, for the bankrupt Roman, who had fondly believed that he could have built for himself a residence which should be a monument, and have part of his fortune left to support it, quite as foolishly believed that his problem was new. A writer on architecture had to warn him that such was not the case. To paraphrase Kipling:

"It was old, old, old when Thebes was golden,

And—
It's still in Philadelphia this morning."

It remained for the past quarter of a century to give the world what it wanted in the way of a cure for the evils resulting from the disagreement of building authorities—the clash between architect and builder, materialman and engineer, two pairs of millstones which too often ground owner, rather than work, into grist.

Yesterday brought forth, and today is applying the principle of exact justice applied to building. It lies in the coordination of all building functions—architecture, engineering, construction, decoration and furnishing—the binding of these functions to one finely conceived and carefully considered end, and the erection of a completed structure at a cost that is limited and guaranteed in advance. And that much is comparatively new.

Banner-News Want Ads. are best



HE SACRIFICED his all—What will YOU give?

Just a few months ago he was an ordinary young fellow among thousands just like him here in Michigan.

America called him to perform the highest duty of citizenship—she asked him to leave everything he held dear and shoulder a gun in defense of her liberties.

He accepted the duty manfully. Perhaps you remember the day he marched away—he, and many others like him. He smiled and waved his hand in cheerful goodby. Somebody—perhaps it was you—prayed that he might return safe and sound.

A few months and he was in France—a little later in the front line trenches. One day the command to go "over the top" came. His silent prayer was that he might avoid death in "No Man's Land," but that he might acquit himself like a man. He lies today by the side of other American martyr patriots who made the Great Sacrifice—he made it gladly for his Country, his friends, and for YOU.

What are you going to give for the men who are facing death to protect you and yours—and for the war victims whose terrible hardships and sufferings are beyond all words?

The Patriotic Fund is your opportunity to share humanity's great burden at a time when millions are sacrificing their lives on the altar of freedom and decency and democracy. Who will stand aloof and refuse the small fraction of his income now requested?

Now, right now, comes the real test of your manhood and your patriotism. Meet it manfully.

Advantages of the Patriotic Fund

A single, well-organized subscription campaign to take the place of the numerous sporadic money-raising devices of the past.

Subscriptions payable in monthly installments, assigned, when requested, to beneficiaries as subscribers may designate.

Every man, woman and youth in YOUR COUNTRY to receive a personal visit from a Patriotic Fund Solicitor and to be asked to subscribe according to his or her circumstances.

The subscriber to be protected. Give further solicitation by members of the Fund for a period of one year—December 1st, 1918, to December 1st, 1919—except in case of possible great war emergency.

The Patriotic Fund plan saves enormous amounts of time by eliminating numerous money-raising activities; the worthiness of every organization is guaranteed; subscribers are warned that money given will be judiciously expended. Moreover, the usefulness of the various organizations in the Patriotic Fund is increased, because they are freed from financial worries and enabled to devote their time to the actual benevolent work.

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

Ionia County Division—Michigan
Patriotic Fund—Ionia, Michigan.
Fred A. Chapman, Chairman
W. Y. Tompkins, Treasurer
Members of War Board having charge of the Campaign in Belding.
H. J. Leonard
William F. Sandell
Edwina F. Hall

Ottawa Township
Major Frank Chase
Frank M. Jones
Edward Insley

In Addition to the Seven War Relief Organizations listed, the following local charities participate:

